



"Our Home, our Country, and our Brother Man."

ROBINSON'S HAND CULTIVATOR.

We here give you the representation of a new machine for garden culture, invented by J. A. Robinson, of Fremont, N. H.

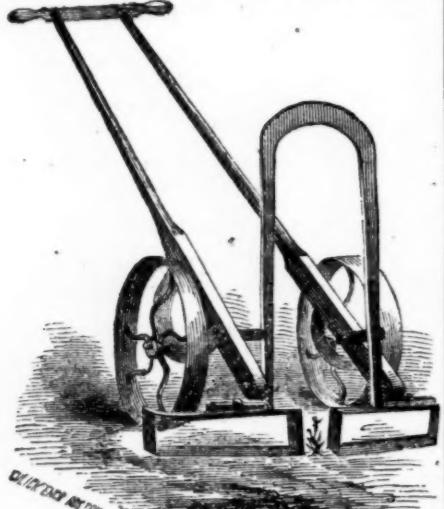
It is so arranged, as you will perceive, that it has a hoe or cutter on each side of a central line, which can be so gauged as to be placed further or nearer to each other, and at different angles with each other. It moves on wheels and is guided by handles.

When in use, it is so placed as to have the rows of whatever plant you are cultivating, such as beets, carrots, onions, &c., between the hoes or cutters. In this way you have both sides of the rows at once.

We used one of these some, last summer, and found that it laid free from stones and clods, as all gardens should be, that it did its work well.

These machines are manufactured by Luther Whitman, at his agricultural implement factory in Winthrop, and kept for sale in all the principal agricultural warehouses. The Granite Farmer speaks of it thus:—

"Robinson's Hand Cultivator, was patented on the 20th day of February, 1855, and embraces improvements made since that time. It was first exhibited at the New Hampshire State



Fair held in this city last fall, and was awarded the first premium in the class of agricultural implements. It is a novelty in itself, simple in construction, effective in its operation, and promises to affect very favorably the expense of cultivating those crops to which it is adapted, and from the certificates of responsible and extensive farmers, (who used the article last year) will supply a great desideratum in Agriculture.

It is operated by wheeling it along like a barrow or wheel-hoe—hoeing both sides of the hoe at the same time; the part of the shears next to the row being of such a form as to separate or cut perpendicular to the depth at which the implement is used, leaving but a narrow strip of earth in which the plants stand.

It is adjusted to any distance from the row, and cutting as it does a little more than half way to the adjoining row, the work is done thoroughly in going once to a row—no unhoed space being left between the rows. The cutters being set at an acute angle, cut the grass and weeds easily; also, by reversing them to opposite sides, the earth is drawn up to the row.

It is estimated that in cultivating those crops to which this implement is adapted, it saves two-thirds the labor of cultivation."

GILMORE'S BEE-HOUSE.

We take the following article from the Michigan Farmer. It is some years since the bee-house alluded to was invented. We have never had an opportunity to see much of its use, but the plan struck us rather favorably, and if bees did not sometimes take it into their heads to go against all human reason, we should have thought the house might prove valuable. Will Dr. Holmes, of the Maine Farmer, tell us how it works? [Boston Cultivator.]

The training of my vines is at once simple and ornamental. The first year two shoots are allowed to grow, and as they elongate are carried spirally, both in the same direction, about five inches apart around the stake, and this is continued until they reach the top. The laterals are allowed to grow at random. In the fall they should be pruned back to within eighteen inches of the ground, and the laterals to one eye.

Second year, continue the two canes from the two uppermost eyes, as directed in the first year. The laterals will require summer pruning. In the fall cut back the canes to within 18 inches of last year's wood. Continue this course until the vine is established the whole length of the post, whatever surmounts it to be cut back. The vine is pruned upon the side shoots, and the pruning is on the short spur system. The form of the vine may be shaped to the taste of the cultivator; that of the pyramid is decidedly best.

Those who understand the nature of the vine will readily perceive the advantage this system offers. The vine is thus kept at home. The light and air circulate freely through it. The buds break easily, there is no tendency in one part to rob the other of its due proportion of sap, and when once established requires less care than any other mode of training.

Some of my vines, the first year after planting, were watered with sink drain water, and being satisfied that it injured them, I have discontinued the practice, and have since root pruned them, in order to check too fast a growth of wood. Many of my neighbors injured their vines by giving them large quantities of stimulating manures, such as fresh stable manure,

and a sure protection against robbers. Another and very decided advantage is, the ease with which the miller or moth can be destroyed. By looking through the glass in the back of the hives, you can see if the worms have begun their ravages; if they have, that section of the hive can be removed, and another substituted in its place. I devote a large portion of my time to the cultivation of the honey bee, and believe it will pay fifty per cent. if managed in the best way. I have tried almost all kinds of hives and houses that have been presented, which have invariably proved too complicated, and been the destruction of the bees. The readers of the Farmer know that I have condemned all patents, for the reason that they were false—not what was claimed for them. And had Gilmore's not been true and proved itself worthy of adoption, I should have condemned that too, not because I have had such good results from two swarms, but I have seen it fully tested by my neighbors, which I have fully examined from time to time during the past season. I do most cheerfully recommend Gilmore's bee houses and hives as being the only one that has come under my observation, worthy of adoption by all bee-keepers.

A. F. Moon.

Paw Paw, Van Buren Co., Mich., Jan. 1.

NEXT. In answer to our friend of the Boston Cultivator, we will say that Gilmore's Bee House was invented by Mr. Arza Gilmore of Wayne, in this county, (Kennebec.) Mr. Gilmore had studied the habits of bees attentively, and conceived the project of uniting swarms into one colony. It is an ingenious mode of making bees repack into comb, and into any vessel you like, any sweet substance not unpalatable to them. Somehow, bees have the power, while they do not change the nature of the sweet they use, of working some of it into comb, in which to bottle up, or enclose the sweets they have gathered up. Thus, if you feed them with good honey in a liquid state, they will repack it for you in a comb. If you give them poor honey in a liquid state, they will also pack it for you in a comb, but will nevertheless be poor honey, but in a nice comb. If you give them syrup of sugar, they will put syrup of sugar in a comb for you. If any one has time and inclination to make this mode of *stale* feeding bees a business, Gilmore's method is a very good one to follow. It is not much used among us now. Most of our farmers think it best to let their bees look out for the raw material themselves and manage it in their own way. In new countries, such as the western regions, we have no doubt this system will do well with those who are disposed to give their bees proper attention.

ED.

MR. BRACKET'S VINEYARD.

We have been highly interested by reading the report of Dr. E. Wright, chairman of the committee on fruit, made to the Massachusetts Horticultural Society, and published in the March number of Hovey's Magazine of Horticulture.

Among the many things and facts there brought forward, we find a communication of C. A. Brackett, of Winchester, giving an account of his "little vineyard," and his mode of managing his vines. We are persuaded we cannot do our grape cultivating friends better service, than by giving the following extract from his letter:—

"My little vineyard," says he, "is situated on a side hill, facing the west, protected on the north by a belt of pine woods. I should have preferred a more northern or eastern aspect. The soil is by no means what would be called a strong one; it consists of four to six inches of turf, mould, with a reddish subsoil about two feet deep, resting upon a bed of blue gravel. In preparing for the vines the ground was trenched two feet deep, and the top soil put at the bottom. Stakes eight feet long were then set at the distance of seven feet apart each way, one vine was planted to each stake, and immediately cut down to two eyes, (or buds.) And here let me say a word as to the time of setting the vines. My experience is greatly in favor of tall planting. A vine set in Autumn (and it should be done as soon as the leaf falls,) will in three years be as strong and capable of bearing a crop of fruit as one of the five years old set in the spring.

The relations between the proprietor and the squatter should be changed. Instead of a long occupancy and an undisturbed possession being requisite before an interest can be obtained in the soil, an interest should exist the instant occupancy commenced, and that interest should be a right to the soil, upon paying a fair ap- praised value.

It would be no injustice to the purchaser of lands from the State, to frame such laws as would compel him to sell at fair prices they are wanted. Neither would it be injustice to compel him to make roads as they are wanted.

Every liability and contingency of the kind was assumed when the lands were purchased.

The creation is preposterous that these lands were created for the exclusive benefit of gentlemen speculators. Yet, wherever a road is required, or an act of incorporation asked for, although it may be by those who acquired rights before these proprietors were of age, and who have lived in the wilderness with no outlet, a large part of a lifetime, we hear these distressed proprietors complain of oppression, of taxation without being benefited,—as if the Almighty's earth was made for their special benefit, and no one could occupy without locating on their corns.

Mr. Editor, I hope to see these laws changed, and that speedily—changed for the benefit of the settler. I hope to see public sentiment righted as regards the rights of proprietor and settler. All laws which benefit a small minority are prejudicial to the great mass,—and laws which are not for the good of the greatest number should not exist.

ARROSTOCK.

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exciting them to make an increased growth of long jointed wood. I grow my vines for the fruit, and am satisfied if they make a few feet of short jointed wood, and the only manure (if manure it may be called) which I now use, is a top dressing of Anthracite coal ashes."

Mr. Bracket speaks highly of the Diana Grape, as being hardy, early, and the grape-holding on well even if suffered to hang out late. We think his hints and experiments worth attending to.

For the Maine Farmer.

THE CHINA TREE.

MR. EKRON:—I find in the Farmer, among other things, a call for the technical name of the China tree. I answered a part of the queries, in my former communication, but not having at hand, at the time, all the information called for, I left a part for other correspondents to answer. Having seen no reply, as yet, I send what I have learned in regard to it.

MELIA Azedarach, China tree. Some call it *Santalum Chinense*. It is called China tree, from its having been first discovered in Japan and thence brought here. I have various reasons for believing that it will stand a northern winter, though it will not probably grow so thrifly as it does here, or farther south.

By conversing with one of our most able physicians, I learn that the pulp of the berry, made into a poultice, will cure the scald head. The bark of the root, obtained at a time when the sap is not running up, and made into bitters, will invariably cure worms in children, and chills and fever. If the root is dug when the tree is full of sap, it produces dizziness in the head.

My China trees have been struck with frost, in the spring, when the leaves were started out some two inches, but they sustained no injury, except to kill what had started out. When the weather became warm they started anew.

Winter seems to be over, and the weather, for some days, has been more spring-like. We have had the hardest winter remembered in this country. My thermometer has several times been as low as 6° above zero, and I understand the mercury has been down to zero, in some places in town. To-day, the mercury stands at 55°, which is about a sample of the weather, lately.

I have seen no plows at work, yet, though they will start shortly, if the weather remains dry. We have had but very little rain, the past winter. The larger streams have been a little swollen, lately, from the snow melting on the mountains.

ALVIN ARMSTRONG. Dalton, Ga., Feb. 25, 1856.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY



AUGUSTA:
THURSDAY MORNING, APRIL 3, 1858.

THE WEATHER.

Although we are now entering upon the second spring month, the weather continues cold and uncomfortable. Within a fortnight, the snow in this vicinity has settled considerably, and the hills are growing bare. There is yet a great amount of snow upon the ground, in the country, especially in the northern and eastern portions of the State, and a warm rain of any great duration would cause a very heavy freshet. There has been no appreciable fall of rain, since the last of December, a period of nearly 100 days, and this lack of moisture has caused a drought almost unprecedented for this season of the year. A correspondent, writing from Maple Grove, Aroostook Co., says:—

"We have not had a drop of rain, in this vicinity since last Thanksgiving day. The streams are very low, and many of the grist mills have stopped for want of water. It is with difficulty that people can get their grinding done. Some of our farmers have to melt snow to obtain water for their cattle."

A correspondent at Camden, under date of March 25, adds a postscript to his letter, as follows:—"Our harbor is now open, and water running in our streets. There is but little frost in the ground, and I think we may anticipate a fruitful season."

The Bangor Whig of the 27th thus speaks of the season in that section:—

"The snow has been gradually wasting in this region for a week or two past, and we have generally superseded running water in our streets. Some of the smaller streams are on wheels. The weather has not, however, been very mild for spring, and we have had no rain, as yet. Indeed, there has been none for over ninety days, with the exception of a brief storm of a few hours, in the early part of February. The ice is still strong in the river, and the most trustworthy prophets do not place the opening of navigation at any earlier day than the 20th of April."

From the Portland Advertiser of the 25th we copy the following paragraph:—

"Within the 'memory of the oldest inhabitants,' never before has the snow so rapidly disappeared under the influence of the sun, unaccompanied by rain, as it has in this city for the past seven or eight days. Our streets are in a singular condition, the centre of them being, on an average, some two feet lower than at the sides, where the snow was thrown from off the side-walks. It is neither sleighing nor wheeling, now, but rather difficult for both. The weather we have had since the snow augurs well for spring, as the frost must all be out by the time the snow disappears. It has also relieved us from all fears of a freshet, such a vast body of snow having evaporated under the benign influence of old Sol."

What is most needed, hereabouts, is rain to replenish the exhausted springs and streams, and fill the empty wells and cisterns of our citizens."

PRESERVATION OF CLOTH BY CHLORIDE OF ZINC.

In answer to the inquiries of a friend respecting the efficacy of certain chemical preparations for rendering wood, cloth, ropes, &c., less liable to decay by rotting, when exposed to the action of the weather, all that we can say is this:—

The chloride of zinc has been found to be as efficacious as any preparation, and is very economical. It may be made by dissolving common zinc in muriatic acid, so called, and evaporating to a powder. Dissolve in water, and again evaporate to powder. One pound of this is dissolved in five gallons of water, and the substance to be filled with immersed in the solution a sufficient length of time to become fully impregnated with it. The substance may then be taken out and dried. Hay caps made of cotton cloth, sails for vessels, and such like articles can thus be very easily rendered less liable to decay and of course more valuable. This process is called *Burnettizing*, from the fact of its being discovered and put into practice by Mr. Burnett.

We have never experimented with it, but reliable information from those who have, enables us to make the above assertions in regard to the method recommended.

HISTORY OF WINTHROP.

A neat duodecimo volume has been recently issued from the press of Brown Thurston & Co., Portland, containing a history of Winthrop, prepared by Rev. David Thurston, who for forty years was the pastor of that town. It contains much valuable information in regard to the early settlement of the town, as also its civil and ecclesiastical history. Winthrop was incorporated before the Revolution. The Declaration of Independence was received and read in town meeting, and ordered to be put upon its records, and a company of men drafted to obey any orders from government, should they be called for. They had a few reasons why Northern lights appear at any time, we will tell him why they have kept so dark during the past winter. It is a fact that we have heard frequently spoken of, that scarcely any have been seen for several months. [Ed.]

EXCELLENT BUTTER.

We have received a sample of excellent butter, made by Mrs. J. B. Fillebrown, of Winthrop. Made although it was churned during the hottest days of July, and then laid down, it is now, after remaining eight months in the firkin, perfectly sweet and every way as good as when first laid down. We understand Mrs. B.'s process to be, after churning, to work the butter in cold water, and divest it thoroughly of all buttermilk. Then salt it with the best of fine salt, and let it be until it becomes impregnated with it, and beat it twice before laying it down.

AGUSTA DRAGO CLUB. This band of young Thespians will give an exhibition at Winthrop Hall, on Wednesday and Thursday evenings, 2d and 3d instants, when they will repeat (by particular request) the interesting drama of "Don Cesario de Baran." After which, several Comic Songs, and the very amusing Farce of "Hunting a Turtle." The dramatic talent in this Club gave great satisfaction to their audience for a former occasion, and will afford a rich treat to those who feel disposed to patronize them. Doors open at 7 o'clock.

MAINE STATE AG. SOCIETY. The Secretary of the State Society informs us that the quota of the premium list for each section of the State, was forwarded to the several members of the Executive Committee on Monday last, together with the blanks.

HON. RUFUS CHEATE. We understand that this distinguished lawyer is expected to conduct the defence in behalf of Judge Davis, before the Legislature, the present week.

AMERICAN CONSUL MONTEREY IN DIFFICULTY. The New Orleans Picayune has the following correspondence from Corpus Christi, Texas, March 5:—

"Recent information (and I think it reliable) gives us the intelligence that Don Vicente, Governor of Nueva Leon, Mexico, discovered a conspiracy to overthrow his government, arrested some of the parties supposed to be connected therewith, and that among them were many respectable Mexicans of that State, and several Americans. Among the latter was the American Consul (or acting Consul) at Monterey. After a short confinement, Vidaurre released the Mexicans, but still holds the Americans for trial."

P. S. March 8—I have just learned that Vidaurre has ordered to march with his troops into the interior of Mexico, to support Comonfort in the present revolution."

TOWN OFFICERS—BRADLEY. A correspondent sends us the names of the town officers elected in Bradley, on Monday of last week:—

Selectedmen, Edwin Eddy, J. J. Norris, Horace Blackman; Clerk and Treasurer, Edwin Eddy. All republicans.

APPLE BARRELS. We are glad to hear that Mr. Noble Hunt, of Readfield, has started a manufacture of apple barrels at his mills in Mt. Vernon. It is often quite difficult to obtain barrels for barreling apples in the fall, but this establishment we trust will supply the deficiency.

LARGE Calf. Mr. Reuben Hamlin, of China, has a boifer calf which weighed, when dropped, 100 lbs. This is worthy of a place among the large ones."

EDITOR'S TABLE.

BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE. The February number of this reprint is at hand. Its contents possess a more than usual interest. The following is the literary bill of fare presented to its readers for the present month:—*"Modern Light Literature—Poetry,"* the conclusion of the "Military Adventure in the Pyrenees," a highly interesting sketch; "*The Wondrous Age,"* "*Mr. Warren on Labor,"* "*Touching Oxford,"* "*The Ancient Cossacks,"* "*Tickler among the Thieves,"* "*The Drama,"* "*Lessons from the War,"* and "*Religion in Common Life.*" Published by L. Scott & Co., 76 Fulton St., N. Y., at \$3 per annum.

LITTEL'S LIVING AGE. We have frequently spoken in terms of praise of this work, and the number for the present week, (619), commanding, as it does, a new volume, gives us an opportunity of again calling the attention of our readers to its merits. The articles in this number, aside from poetry and short items, are twelve in number, embracing selections from the Edinburgh Review, Dickens' Household Words, Athenaeum, Chambers' Journal, Economist, &c. If the reader were obliged to purchase the original works, to obtain the same reading that is here furnished him, instead of 12¢ etc., he would be compelled to pay a number of dollars, and \$100 a year would not give him what he can here procure for \$6. Our space will not admit of an extended notice, this week, but we shall take occasion to refer to this publication again. Issued weekly, by E. Littell, Son & Co., Boston, at \$6 per annum.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE. The April number of this magazine is at hand. The leading article is a sketch of the life and services of Israel Putnam. It is well written, and is handsomely illustrated. Then follow "*Madeira, Port, and Sherry,"* "*A Home in the Cinnamon Isle,"* "*The Rebel in China.*" Advices from Hong Kong, under date of January, furnish the following:—"The steady progress of the revolutionary party is an undoubted fact, though their disaffection in the vicinity of Canton, has for a while caused them to disappear from that quarter. They now hold the most fertile provinces in the interior, and have powerful fleets on the coast ready to take advantage of any opportunity to re-enter the river."

For the Maine Farmer.

NORTHERN LIGHTS.

Mr. EDITOR:—Can you explain the reason why there have not been Northern lights as usual the present winter, as they have not been visible but five times during the winter? Has the extreme cold anything to do with it?

Respectfully yours,

ISAAC H. HARRIMAN.

Orland, March 19, 1858.

Mr. EDITOR:—If friend Harriman will give us the reasons why Northern lights appear at any time, we will tell him why they have kept so dark during the past winter. It is a fact that we have heard frequently spoken of, that scarcely any have been seen for several months. [Ed.]

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DISCOVERY OF THE BODY OF J. B. KILBURN. The body of Mr. J. B. Kilbourn, who mysteriously disappeared, and has been missing since the 21st of last November, was found, near Cambridge bridge, on Wednesday of last week. It was identified by the clothing, the body and features being much decomposed. Mr. K. was a member of the firm of French, Wells & Co., and financial difficulties, connected with the Grocers' Bank, are assigned as the cause of his self-destruction, of which he had given previous warning.

A MAN KILLED AT VEAZIE. On Thursday of last week, a man by the name of Archibald Hathorn, fell from a new mill on which he was working, striking violently on the ice beneath. He died before medical assistance could be procured. We learn that he leaves a wife and six children.

LARCENY. On Saturday night, 22d ult., a trunk filled with clothing, one wolf robe, one buffalo robe, all of the value of \$30, belonging to A. G. Davis of Bradford, was taken from his sleigh standing at the Dwinnell House, Bangor. The thief was soon arrested and proved to be a Dutch pedler. The property was nearly all recovered and the thief committed.

KANSAS. The New York Commercial learns from a letter from Weston, Kansas, dated March 20, that the Free State Legislature had adjourned to the fourth of July, agreeably to the resolution adopted by both Houses. There was a talk of arresting the members, but it could not be traced to any reliable source.

A WOLF! A WOLF!—As Mr. O. B. Patten of Gill of Hancock, was returning from Waltham on Friday, a wolf was observed in the road directly ahead of him, about one hundred yards distant. He seemed in no way inclined to give up half of the road, and was steadily watching the approaching horse and sleigh until it was quite near to him, when he very deliberately walked towards the horse, until the horse took fright, capsizing the sleigh and landing in the deep snow. Mr. P. and his sister, who was with him, was also severely injured. There is no suspicion as to who it was that committed this bold robbery. [Bangor Whig, 25th.]

TRADE AT BELFAST. A despatch from Belfast states that a desperate attempt at murder was made in that town on Tuesday night. About half past ten o'clock, a man named Sowell Patterson entered by a window of Peter Gilson. He was discovered in the act of plundering the drawers; when he proceeded to the room occupied by Mrs. Green, a daughter of Gilson, and seizing her while in bed, wounded her, and then attempted to make his escape. The clerk pursued him for a short distance, but raised no alarm, and lost sight of him. On returning to the store he found between \$60 and \$70 worth of clothing packed in bundles, and between three and four dollars in small change missing. No positive clue to the robber has been found. This is the second time the store has been broken open within six weeks.

On the same night the dwelling house of Mr. George Helling, in this city, near Mount Hope was entered by some person removing a pane of glass from the right light to the front door, and then unlocking the door from the inside. The bed-room of Mr. Helling was entered, and a gold watch and chain containing five or six dollars, together with two gold locks containing ministrations were taken. It is thought that the visit was intended as an extremely bold one.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

THE LATEST NEWS FROM EUROPE.



ARRIVAL OF THE EMU.

The Cunard propeller, *Emu*, arrived at Boston on Thursday morning last, bringing news from England to the 12th ult., four days later than previous advices.

Nothing had been heard in England from the missing steamship *Pacific*, which was 40 days out when the *Emu* left.

We make the following synopsis of the news by this arrival:—

GREAT BRITAIN. Drury Lane theatre, London, was discovered to be on fire on the afternoon of the 7th, but was saved from destruction.

The wadding of a gun, fired during the performance of a pantomime the previous evening, had lodged upon and fired one of the beams of the flies. If the discovery had been made a few hours later, "Old Drury" would have probably shared the fate of Covent Garden.

At a dinner given to the American Minister at the Mansion House, on Tuesday, Mr. Bulwer, after winding up the business he had with us in England, remarked that he would be in the two countries should again be involved in war; how it would injure and throw back the cause of civilization and of liberty; how it would delight the desots of the earth to find these two nations destroying themselves, and in that way destroying every hope of progress to mankind.

There is a cloud now pending over their relations; but he trusted in God, and believed the cloud would be speedily dissipated, and that the sunshine of peace and friendship will become more and more bright between the two countries, until the day when the desots of the earth shall have passed away, and shall only live in history as the record of the folly of two peoples. Who could for a moment suppose it possible to engage in a fratricidal war? (Loud cheers.)

An Imperial decree in the Moniteur calls into active service the contingent of 1855, amounting to 140,000 men. This levy is not an increase of the army, but is principally destined to replace the soldiers whose time of service has expired.

The Government has forbidden the publication in the Presses of a *bulletin*, by Eugene Sue.

The approaching achievement of the Empire has, we are told, rendered the proceedings of the Conference a topic of secondary interest in the public mind in Paris. It is expected that the event will take place between the 15th and 25th instant, "such being," says one writer, "the period indicated by the data of science, and also by the article inserted in the Moniteur of the 12th of October last, which stated that Her Majesty had just entered on the fifth month of her pregnancy. The health of the empress is excellent; and if it may be permitted to judge from appearances that are generally held to be significant, the long desired event will pass off naturally and successfully."

While the *bulletin* of the Emperor, has been attacked, with the inflammation of the chest.

DENMARK AND THE SOUND DUES. The Cabinet of Berlin has declared in a formal manner that it will take no further part in the Conference on the subject of Sound dues, feeling confident that they will not lead to any result.

TURKEY. News received from Marseilles of Saturday's date announces that a financial crisis prevails at Constantinople.

The Turkish Government had sent orders to Omar Pacha, and to Selim Pacha, to suspend hostilities.

Intelligence from Trebizond of the date of the 20th ult., states that Omar Pacha had arrived there, and that Selim Pacha had been recalled.

It was ascertained that the English army contemplated an encampment in Asia, and that barrack preparations for the Allied armies were actively proceeding on both sides of Constantinople.

POLAND. Two Russian couriers from Paris to St. Petersburg passed through this city to-day without stopping. The deliberations which have taken place in Russia relative to the proposed reorganization of the kingdom of Poland close, it is expected, on the 15th instant.

In the Grand Duchy of Posen have been much excited. The Prussian government has, therefore, applied directly to Russia for explanations as to its intentions with regard to Poland, in order to judge of what measures it may be necessary to take in the Duchy of Posen.

Russia. Military preparations continue to be made on a large scale.

Accounts from Tiflis, via St. Petersburg, mention that Gen. Williams had left for Moscow, in improved health.

Prince Menschikoff continues in a very ill state of health, as he was when he returned from the Crimea, and it is thought he will hardly be strong enough to undertake the arduous duties of the office of General Governor of Constanstople.

The interval between the opening of navigation and the commencement of the blockade is being diligently turned to account by vessels laden chiefly with salt and flour; of the latter article a cargo of 50,000 thalers has been telegraphed as about to arrive at St. Petersburg from Lubec.

THE WAR NEWS.

PEACE CONFERENCES. The belief in a favorable termination of the Peace Conference is very strong, and peace is regarded as almost a certainty.

Of the sitting of the Conference on the 10th, the Liverpool Post says:

It was generally rumoured that a treaty of peace would be signed on the 10th of Friday, or Saturday, 15th. All the differences have, however, been adjusted. Several important disputes respecting Danubian Principalities, and Asiatic frontiers, are left undecided, and it was thought that the debate continued until the Congress first met.

It is said that the ratification of the bill defining the rights of voters, and the duties of the Commissions of Election in Washington, was referred to the House of Representatives, and in the Senate to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

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STATE. On motion of Mr. Butler, the Post Office Committee was instructed to make an examination of discontinuing to members of Congress the franking privilege, and in lieu thereof allowing money for the payment of the postage. The amendment was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs.

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THE MAINE FARMER: AN

AGRICULTURAL AND FAMILY NEWSPAPER.

The Muse.

For the Maine Farmer.
THE BLESSED LOVE I CRAVE.

BY FREDERICK WRIGHT.

"A mother's love, o'er all things else,
Invigorate the heart of man."
For two score years and five, I've trod
A pilgrim on the earth.
And much of simple joy have shared,
And tasted, too, of mirth:
Aye! wildy have my pulses beat,
As Hope's gay beacon burned;
Yet still my heart, every hour,
A mother's love hath mourned!"
For joy, if such it might be called,
The wealth can oft procure,
Hath not needless o'er my path
Displayed her tinsel lustre!"

What mother then, that I should stray,
The tempest's violin prove?

Allas! for me—I never knew
A mother's guardian love!

And when to manhood's ripen'd thought
In after years I rose—

And joys serene rarely sought

And found but bitterness;

Thy friendship's pure confiding faith

Around a thorny bower,

I miss'd the chain of life—

A mother's love and true!

As human love, in human hearts

Is ever prone to dwelt,

Why should I be the only one
That dared not own its spell?

A willing captive gladly led,

I knelt at beauty's shrine;

Yet, even then, I sigh'd to think

No mother's love was mine!

I now have passed the noonday mark
Of life's all shivered scenes—

And joys, as I have said before,

Have cluster'd thick between;

Yet safely can my heart declare,

Let faith be o'er so scat'd,

A mother's love remaineth still,

The boon for which I pant!

Beverly, C. W.

ODE TO LAMBS.

Head-quarters of the type of innocence,
Whether with pens and mind I much dispense;
Or go the train, blaspheming the expense,
And thus enjoy thee in the fullest sense—

That is the question.

Rear section of young mutton, tender food,
Just in the dawn of grass-fed juiciness;

Dainties like these should not be served up nude,

But graced with all the trimmings understood

To help digestion.

Then boil the pens, the fragrant mint prepare,
Be thou, rare joint, nor overdone, nor rare;
Conceal the gravy with exceeding care;

When all is ready, serve—I shall be there.

Incipient sheep-sent, when on thee I dine,
Hot be the plates and icy cold the wine;

Three slices of the midday of the leg be mine;

Then put the rest away—for very fine

Is cold roast lamb.

The Story-Teller.

From Dickens' Household Words.

PHARISEES AND SINNERS.

He was the saint of the family, and the model man of the neighborhood. There was not a charity that he did not subscribe to, not a deputation that he did not entertain—and they were hungry fellows generally, who knew the comforting virtue of his choice Madeira—he founded Sunday-schools and Chapels-of-Ease as other men would build barns, and he was the public purse of all the ten parishes round. The poor called him a real gentleman, and the ungodly a fine fellow; while the elect looked sober, and spoke of "that pious man, Jacob Everett."

Through these noses for the most part. No one had an ill word for him; excepting the landlord of the Grapes, who declared, with a mighty oath, that he was the "pest" of the place, and would ruin all Green Grove if he was left to do as he liked."

Notwithstanding this Baccchic judgment, Jacob Everett was a good man; weak, perhaps, but lovable in his very weakness; sincere, gentle, generous, merciful; puritanical in principle, but—as his younger brother, the archdeacon, once said in full vestry, when Jacob opposed him about the penance of Hannah Brown—"safely latitudinarian in practice."

Jacob, however, who loved mercy and hated condemnation, went on his own way, opening a wide door of forgiveness to all sinners; closing to a narrow chink the yawning gates of destruction which his brother swing wide enough for all mankind; saving the small band of the elect to which he and his belonged.

The man was proud of Jacob. He was an old bachelor and rich; and the Everett—albeit of the rigidest—was of wealth and honored pedigree. They were grand people, who practiced humility in coaches, and self-abasement in velvet; who denounced the lusts of the flesh at state dinners, over champagne and pine-apples; but who believed that eternal punishment was the doom of all who entered a theater or a ball-room. They went to morning concerts of serious music, and patronized oratorios. They thought it sinful to be in love, and called it making idols—so they married their children comfortably among godly families with money, and told them that esteem was better than romance. Miss Tabitha Everett was once suspected of a tender partiality for young Mr. Aldridge of Aldridge Park; but the family hushed it up as a scandal, for unconverted Mr. Aldridge kept a pack of hounds. Afterward, they married her to the Rector of Green Grove, the Honorable and Reverend Humdrumble Hibbert, eldest son of the Dean, and heir to an unapostolic fortune. The Everetts were exceedingly undemonstrative. Miss Tabitha accepted her husband, and, concealing her feelings, made a very good wife. For marriage was not their forte. An Everett was even known to stoop down to kiss a husband's forehead as he sat before the fire reading; not an Everett was ever known to talk nonsense in the nursery—neither was it known to rock-a-baby on a tree top, nor to perform a monody in A minor, all about "Kid-die, Coosie, Coosie, Co—" a song I once heard from a dear young mother, and which I thought the most beautiful of songs. The Everetts were not given to any such follies; excepting Jacob, who loved children as they would be loved, and who used to play at bo-peep with the cottagers' babies.

Some years ago—just at the time when pretty Anna Fay, the Sunday-school mistress, so suddenly left Green Grove—A strange alteration took place in Jacob Everett. His cheerfulness, which had been his strongest characteristic, was exchanged for the most painful depression. He talked frequently of his sins, and gave more liberality than ever to missions and charities. His friends could not understand this depression; which, at last, became habitual. He gave them no clew to it; but, with scarcely a day's warning, he left home to travel in the south of Europe. He had been looking ill, and more than ever harassed of late; and every one said it was the best thing he could do, as would be every body's loss. His sister, Tabitha alone, objected. And Mrs. Hibbert groaned, and the archdeacon shook his stick, and something like an anathema flew

across the sea to rest on the bright head of the young girl sitting in the balcony overlooking the Grand Canal at Venice, thinking of the mother she had loved, and of the father she had lost.

This young girl, leading the secluded life of a foreign damsel; seeing no one but her faithful English nurse and the various mistresses of such accomplishments as her father had desired her to learn, and her own artistic taste had directed her to; living in a world of poetry of her own creation, her full heart yearning for love, and sympathy, and companionship; her imagination filled with great visions of her mother's home, of that large, strong England, whose voices sounded through the whole world, and whose sons held sway in every quarter of the globe; this young girl stored up large treasures of poetry and affection, all the purer because of their depth, all the more enduring because of their use.

Mrs. Malahide lived at Brighton, in a pretty little house on the sea-shore, occupying herself with the education of her four daughters—her only son was at Cambridge—in quite a natural and Everett fashion. Not that she was wholly natural, either; for inherited reserve and early education were too strong to be set aside, even by the free life she had led since her marriage. There were still traces of Green Grove in the precise slow manner in which she spoke, and in the stiff hand held out like a cleft bar of iron, which formed the chief characteristics of the Everett world. But she was a good creature at heart, and had been softened, first by love and then by sorrow, into more real amiability than her rigid manners would give one to believe.

It was to Mrs. Malahide that all Estella's feelings turned. She knew the secret of her birth, poor child; and though too ignorant of the world to understand it in all its social bearing, yet she was aware that a stain of some kind rested on her, which made her grateful for any love as for an act of condescension. She knew that her father's family had disowned her, and that the very woman who had lived on her father's bounty, and who now expected to live on hers, had written in a letter to her lawyers thus: "No one can feel more strongly than I the pain and the shame which the existence of the frozen Everett soul was thinned in Mrs. Malahide, and the iron bond of reserve which had so long unnaturally held it prisoner, gave way. She laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, and, flinging herself on her knees by her side, putting her arms round her, said, "You will let me love you and the children?" holding up her face to be kissed.

She looked so lovely, with her beautiful gray eyes which had their mother's depth, and softness, and lustre—with her bright brown hair braided off her low white brow—with her small red lips, like little rose-buds parted—her caressing ways, which had all the grace and warmth of Italy—her voice so soft and musical—that the frozen Everett soul was thinned in Mrs. Malahide, and the iron bond of reserve which had so long unnaturally held it prisoner, gave way. She laid her hand on the girl's shoulder, and, flinging herself on her knees by her side, putting her arms round her, said, "You will let me love you and the children?" holding up her face to be kissed.

It was too solemn a moment, then, for Mrs. Hibbert to fall back into her old fortress of pride and hardness. By the side of her dying child, she became womanly and Christian; although, even then, the struggle was a hard one, and the effort cost her dear. She bent over Estella, kneeling there and weeping, and saying slowly and with a still gravity not wholly ungenteel, "I accept the trust now, Estella, and forgive your father for the sin he committed and for the shame that he wrought. Your place shall be, as my dear child has said, in my heart; and we will mutually forgive, and pray to be forgiven."

Jessie smiled. "That is all I have hoped and prayed for," she said faintly; "be a mother to her as you have been to me, and let the future make up for the short-coming of the past!" And she turned her face toward the last rays of the sunlight streaming in through the open window.

A bell sang on a tree just opposite; the waves murmured pleasantly among the shells and seaweed on the shore; the sun, sinking down in his golden sleep, flung one last stream of glory on the marble brow and long locks of the dying girl. It was a word of blessing for the past, and of baptism for the future. Jessie held her mother's hand in one of hers; the other clasped Paul's and Estella's held together. "Blessed by love," she murmured, "redeemed by love—O God, save those who trust in thee, and for thy sake pardon others—Thou, whose name and essence are love and mercy!"

The STEAMER BALTIC ON THE DRY DOCK. Some four or five hundred men are now actively engaged in overhauling and coppering the steamer Baltic, which is now lying in the dry dock at the foot of Market street. We learn from Capt. Briggs, the superintendent of the Collins line of steamers, that it is just six years, and that the Baltic received her first suit of copper, and the old coppering would have lasted well another year.

The work has been done by Mr. Hibbert to reflect on her course of action. Paul and Jessie, as all young people are, pleaded instant adoption of the child, and of Estella Thorne, too; but Tabitha Hibbert, wounded in her family pride, in her religious conscience, and in her worldly ambition, turned coldly to her children, saying, "The girl who has robbed you and that you are on an unspoken name, and who damages our religious character forever, shall never darken my threshold. I refuse to act as guardian or trustee. Estella is delicate. She was ordered to the sea-side; and Brighton being convenient to where she knew Mrs. Malahide resided: to find some means of introduction to her; and, she said, looking on to the waters of the Adriatic, force her aunt to respect, to love, and in the end to acknowledge her. The scheme was romantic enough; but it did not promise badly. Estella and Betty Thorne left beautiful Italy, and went, in the dull autumn months, to Brighton.

It took a little time before she and her faithful nurse settled themselves, and then a little time longer before she discovered Mrs. Malahide's address. Then she had to make her plane and determine on her point of attack; for a thing of such gravity, she thought, was not to be done in a hurry. She felt frightened now, that the time had really come when she was to see and be seen by her father's family, and the almost wished she had remained in Italy. She felt strange too in England. Every thing was cold and formal. The language sounded harsh, spoken all round her with gruff, rough voices, and ungrateful accents; the houses looked small and mean after the glorious marble palaces of Italy; and the people were finely dressed in shabby finery—dirty bonnets in place of the white veil of Genoa, the simple flower of the Mediterranean coast, and the picturesque head-dresses of Italy; trailing gowns, with flounces dragging in the mud, worn by women who, in her own country, would have been dressed in peasant's costume, graceful and distinctive—all was so strange that Estella felt lost and miserable, and wished herself back among the orange trees again, far away from a land with which she had not learned to be familiar in its familiar features, and whose industrial grandeur seemed to diminish as she approached it. For, indeed, admiration does not go very far in daily life.

At last, Estella took heart and courage, and, though boldy went to Mrs. Malahide's house. She knocked at the door, which a prim, neat-looking servant girl opened. To her inquiry if "Mrs. Malahide was in her own house"—for Estella did not speak English with a perfect knowledge of its idioms—the servant, with a broad stare, said "yes," a vague answer which she was very suspicious of.

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There were cold, yet she was not welcome when you know me," she said timidly. "I am Estella Everett."

"I do not," answered Mrs. Malahide, coldly. The girl's eyes filled with tears. "And I am afraid I shall not be welcome when you know me," she said timidly. "I am Estella Everett."

Mrs. Malahide started. "Impudent! thought I forward! presumptuous! here in my house!" she thought, this strongly agitated, and moved to the fire-place, to ring the bell.

Estella went nearer to her, and laid her hand

on her arm. "Do not send me away without hearing me," she said plaintively; "for, indeed, I have only come in kindness and love."

Her pure young voice touched the woman's heart, in spite of herself. She dropped the hand outstretched, and, pointing to a chair, said, "What is it you have to say?" in a voice still cold, yet with a shade less sharpness in it.

"I have come to you, Madam," began Estella, "that I might see some one who knew my father, and his own artistic taste had directed her to; living in a world of poetry of her own creation, her full heart yearning for love, and sympathy, and companionship; her imagination filled with great visions of her mother's home, of that large, strong England, whose voices sounded through the whole world, and whose sons held sway in every quarter of the globe; this young girl stored up large treasures of poetry and affection, all the purer because of their depth, all the more enduring because of their use.

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